





ready out—the long, swelling waves indicated that the storm was over. Steaming eyes were bent towards the quarter where the brig was last seen—it was no where visible. Slowly, merrily, the discontent was scarcely uttered, when one star more beautiful than the rest, seemed descending. It shone from the main rigging of that little brig! It was the signal of our deliverance, and like the bow in the clouds, gave token of a goodly morrow.

Lightly and cheerily were preparations commenced for the night. With a sail thrown over the boom which lay across the bulwarks, the eyes in the cabin being threatened with ropes and tied fast to the windward rail, we were seated upon it with our heads leaning back towards the bow. The sensation was most uncomfortable, having the impression that we should be tossed over or dragged under by the force of the waves washing over the ship. Soon, however, becoming accustomed to our new situation, we now fell asleep on the bosom of our mother. Ever and anon the silence of the night was broken by the low-toned question, "Is she near us?" And the faithful watchman answered, steadily standing on—"she'll take us off in the morning."

Early on the morrow were earnest gazers gathered at that ship's side. The brig was nearing us. Once more, and for the last time the mate descended the cabin and returned bringing the demijohn and wine-glass. Weak hands and parched lips took their allowance of one glass with quiet gratitude. The memory of that scene will not soon pass away. A small bottle of whiskey, rescued from the medicine stores of one of the passengers, had greatly tended to alleviate the feverishness occasioned by our sufferings, applying it very sparingly to our lips, and again discharging it.

Now we gather strength to be lifted to the ship's side. Leaning against the rail watched the little craft which was steadfastly bearing towards us. Every sail was set. The ripple was seen at the prow—the men on her stern. She swept like a falcon past us. Looks of dismay were scarce depicted, ere "ship ahoy!" met our ear. Gracious God! if human deliverance is so sweet, what must thy salvation be! Words of interchange were soon passed, and—the little boat was alongside. Long swelling waves still lay between us. The sailors began to swing over and creep down the ship's side like spiders, when the Captain arose out of the cabin, boys for shame—let the ladies go first, with the assurance of the brig's crew that they should all be taken off—they held back, and we were left down into the boat. Strong and heartily did the oarsmen pull, till the voice of their Captain (at the same time throwing a rope) ordered them to "haul under." Quickly—too quickly were the oars laid. The boat reared and went under the stern. The brig being upon the crest of a wave, came down upon the side of the boat with such violence as to dash a piece out of her keel. The men had not time to regain their oars, but rushing to the side nearest to the brig, pushed with their hands and brought the boat round. Many and strong arms were uplifted to aid us in seating the brig's side, and kindly were we conveyed to the cabin. There stood a basket upon the table. Stretching out my hand, I asked—for bread! Our parched lips however, forbade the gratification of this desire now. Water—water! was all our cry. It was soon brought, but so salt and unsavory that our sick souls turned in disgust from it. Another cask was brought, a little more palatable; of this we drank until we were satisfied.

Our deliverer, Capt. James H. Dawes, of the brig Balize, Boston, now set himself to devise some dry and more comfortable clothing. His own and the mate's wardrobe supplied us. Fifty-six hours of wasting and milder made us less fastidious than we were wont to be; so resigning our wet garments to the galley, we cheerfully accommodated ourselves to the change, and retired to our berths. For a day or two we remained quiet, but the confined air of the cabin made us desirous to get on deck as soon as practicable. Resuming our own scanty but dry garments, with handkerchiefs tied under our chins, we repaired to the deck and continued to make ourselves content and happy, not in adopting the soliloquy of the stork, when surveying the bird at Athens, he said,—"How many things there are which I do not want!" but by the interception of the Apostle's gracious spirit when he said,—"Having food and raiment, let us be content."

The many interpositions—almost miraculous—by which we had been preserved from the fate to which so many of our number were consigned, filled us with devout gratitude and sober joy. New evidences of goodness and mercy that followed us, were daily evolved. Capt. D. informed us, that on account of a rent in his sail, he could not keep on his course, but was obliged to vary a couple of points or so; in doing which, as he stood on deck he caught a glimpse of our ship, but again lost sight of it, as the sea was running very high. Taking his spy-glass he went aloft, and at length brought within its range the speck which he had seen in the distance on that wide waste of waters. He gazed until he could distinctly see the wreck, and men going up and down the sky-light. "I must save them," he said, "it is a wreck, and living men are on it, and passengers too, I know by their going down into the cabin." Twenty-six hours he resolutely lay to, ere he could near us, with only the hospitality to offer which a cruiser to Port-au-Prince afforded, and six hundred miles from shore. His brig was provisioned for seven men, but he knew not and cared not how many times he might succor, nor what might be the consequences to himself. The loss of his insurance he must risk, and the displeasure of his owner and charterers; but his conscience and his heart, animated by such considerations, prompted and determined him to rescue us.

His magnanimity was constant and unflinching. When there was a cry of scarcity of bread, he put his own men upon allowance that we might not suffer hunger. The unsavory cask which he had brought, with the more wholesome allowed us. His spirit seemed to transmute each drop of the whole crew. In vain we remonstrated with the good steward that we would not accept the bounty of fresh water for our morning lavation. "We do not come to that yet, ladies; I'll measure out to you, and when that fails, you shall have my share." The last day's allowance had come, when an English brig here in sight.

Our little boat was sent out and brought in a supply of fresh water.

At length, on the morning of the eighth day after we entered the bay, were the Highlands seen. Who shall describe the emotions that thrilled our bosoms, as the consciousness of existence—safety, and home, gathered itself into the heart's in-foldings, and wraped it into peace. That little girl understood, but could not explain them, who once in ecstasy of delight, buried her face in her mother's lap, and clasping her knees in her tiny embrace, after a pause looked up and said,—"Mother, I'm happy to die to-day!"

Now was every sail set, by light hearts and ready hands. A New York Pilot boarded us, and the Captain resigned his command. Breakfast was prepared and finished. When about twelve miles off, the newsmen came alongside, and a passenger went ashore with him to report to the owners and procure suitable apparel for the remaining passengers. About 12 o'clock we came to anchor off Castle Garden. The little boats came out and took the men ashore, eighteen in number. Cheerily they went, waving to us their caps of varied hue, a last good-bye.

Once more we descended the vessel's side, but in our hands no recompense we held. Our noble-minded deliverer! what wealth could purchase for him the price of our heart's gratitude, or make a just acknowledgment of it? All that man could do to succor and bless, he did, and seemed to be the recipient rather than the author of benefits conferred. Surely we do not look upon him as having only an individual claim to our gratitude. We view him as the representative of the best character of man—the benefactor of his species. May the blessing of many ready to perish rest on him; and when, after a long life of prosperity, the billows of death shall roll over him, may he see the Captain of his salvation standing at the helm, ready to guide him over the dark waves of Time to the shores of Eternity.

We are happy to be able to state, that the gentlemanly owner of the lost "Mammoth" has testified his appreciation of Capt. Dawes' services, by a satisfactory compensation; and it may not be amiss here to add, that he awarded to every officer and man a handsome gratuity, and to each passenger the restoration of their passage money.

#### Amusing Naval Anecdote.

Shortly after the declaration of war of 1812 against Great Britain, Capt. commanded a ship which sailed from the United States to Portsmouth, England, by way of the West Indies. A number of British naval officers, stationed at one of the West India islands had been ordered home, and took passage in his ship. Conversation during the voyage turned frequently upon the prospect of war between the two countries. "If," said the English officers, war should take place, we shall capture every ship in the American navy. It is impossible that we should fail." To this accustomed bragadoocio of John Bull, the captain simply replied, "Gentlemen, you may live to see yourselves disappointed." This English spirit of boasting was kept up during the voyage, without however disturbing friendly feelings. They reached Portsmouth in safety, but had only been in port a few days when the startling news arrived that Hull had taken the English frigate Guerriere, commanded by Captain Dacres. The day after the reception of the news, the old captain purchased a white hat, small clothes, &c. and went to the navy yard to which his passengers had been ordered. He found them grouped together, talking over the serious news. "Good morning, gentlemen," said he, "have you heard the news?"

"Oh, yes, captain, we suppose you refer to the victory of Hull?"

"Not at all, gentlemen, my news is that Hull has been broken by a court martial."

"Why, captain you are not in earnest—what do you mean?—we are astonished indeed!"

"Yes," continued the captain, the American Congress passed a resolution that if an American frigate did not take a British frigate in fifteen minutes, the commander should be cashiered, and you know it took Hull just seventeen and a half minutes to take the Guerriere. His audience dispersed as if the riot had been read, but not without showing evident tokens of deep mortification. As for the captain, he made it a rule to mount his white hat and shorts, and call at the navy yard as the news of each successive victory of our gallant navy reached him, to congratulate his former boasting English naval friends.

#### NEWSPAPERS.

More than anything else we know of, partake of the nature of a private enterprise, and a public good. What they do for their proprietors, is small in comparison with what they do for the community. They are more instruments of elevation than means of personal property. That pecuniary advantages flow from them to their proprietors, is an incident, merely. Their main effect is to pour a stream of healthy influence abroad through society. Their promotion of private interest is accidental, but their aid to public well-being necessary and intentional. Like fountains which irrigate the country for miles around, they unavoidably enrich the immediate soil through which they bubble to the earth. But to publishers how small their benefits! to readers how large! Prolific as the Banyan tree in the bread of life to the latter, how few the fragments that are gathered in the baskets of the former! To furnish society with instruction and counsel they have proved most successful agents, but to fill the purses of printers, they are too often failures.

As newspapers are public agents, so they are sustained by public spirit. Private energy would be insufficient without the aid of public interest. Concernment for the press of a community is as natural as solicitude for social welfare and progress. All feel an interest in the character of a newspaper. All have their favorites—every body has some favorite. There is an obligation to support a newspaper beyond its intrinsic merits. It rests upon the interest of the community in its own welfare and reputation.

The wisest thing the fathers of a new town could do, would be to encourage the establishment of a newspaper. It would be a Teacher and Preacher to all classes.

The school house, meeting house, and printing office, are the nuclei around which gather the elements of greatness. The newspaper aids accumulation of wealth by stimulating business. It assists the general purpose of society in a thousand ways. It gives new zest to social intercourse—it binds all members of communities by new interests, and unites different communities firmly together.

#### JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

This distinguished patriot, statesman, philosopher, and Christian, is no more. He died in the Capitol at Washington, on Wednesday evening, about seven o'clock. Nearly sixty years of his life had been passed in the performance of his public duties. Honor and respect have attended him through life—and the gratitude and veneration of a mighty nation will enshrine his memory.

The New York Express says: "This event, although the distinguished statesman and patriot had reached a much greater age than usually falls to the lot of man, will excite feelings of universal regret throughout the nation, to whose service his long life has been devoted."

He has outlived, in a great measure, the bitterness of party feeling commonly entertained towards all prominent men, and was, of course, esteemed by all political opponents as well as friends.

Like the Earl of Chatham he has fallen on the very area of his mightiest intellectual efforts, beneath the roof of the Capitol. With this "end of life," we have his dying assurance that he was "content."

Mr. Adams attained his eightieth year in July last.

The North American says: "We cannot at this time attempt his eulogy—indeed, it is unnecessary, for his honored career is known to all. Other men may have been more fortunate politicians, but there has never lived, since the days of Washington, a more guileless statesman, or a purer, more devoted republican. He has been gathered to his fathers, full of years and full of honors, to take his place by the kindred spirits of his venerated sire, and our country's—Let the President's son repose by the side of his President father, and long may a nation's gratitude mourn over their grave."

In the U. S. Senate on Thursday, the Vice President having presented a communication announcing Mr. Adams' death—Mr. Davis, of Massachusetts, responded in some feeling and eloquent remarks, when the usual resolution, moving to attend the funeral, &c., were unanimously passed.

In the house the galleries were densely crowded. Rev. Mr. Slicer made a solemn prayer. The death of Mr. Adams was announced by the Speaker, who pronounced an eulogy upon his public and private character.

Mr. Hudson of Mass., gave a brief biography of the deceased, in all his public stations, and submitted resolutions adjourning the House till Saturday, and to attend the funeral in a body.

Mr. Holmes, of S. C. followed in an elegant tribute to the exalted character of the deceased, as also did Messrs. Vinton and McDonald. The Resolutions were adopted.

#### Illness of Mr. Adams.

The Washington correspondent of the Boston Atlas thus describes the scene in the Capitol when Mr. Adams was taken sick:

"The morning was bright and clear, and the certain intelligence that the preliminaries of a treaty of peace had been signed in Mexico, and were in Washington, drew crowds to the Capitol. The House commenced the transaction of preliminary business, and among the voters, Mr. Adams answered to his name with usual promptitude;—he was engaged in copying a political invocation to the Muse of History, for Mr. C. H. Brainard, and appeared to be in good health as usual. The Resolves of thanks to the Generals of the Mexican Army came up, and the Clerk read, 'Resolved by the House that—when he was arrested by the cry of 'Look to Mr. Adams!' Mr. David Fisher, member from Ohio, who occupies the desk at Mr. A.'s right hand, observed him reaching out his right hand, as if to take his pen from the inkstand, but then clutching the desk with a convulsive effort. Mr. Fisher caught him in his arms, and in a moment Mr. Fries and Dr. Ness, both members, were by his side. It was a solemn moment, for a cry went from more than one, 'Mr. Adams is dying!' they thought, that like Pitt, he would give up the ghost 'with harness on,' on the spot which his eloquence has hallowed. 'Stand back! Give him air! Remove him!' all seemed panic-struck; but in a moment he was borne to the door, placed on one of the settees of the hall and carried into the Rotunda. 'It is moved that the House adjourn till tomorrow,' said Mr. Speaker Winthrop, who maintained a wonderful coolness amidst the confusion, and the House adjourned forthwith. The Senate, on learning the melancholy intelligence followed their example."

Such was the crowd in the Rotunda that Mr. Adams was removed into the Speaker's room, where Messrs. Winthrop, King, Ashmun, Palfrey, Gurley and others have since been in attendance upon him. Copping, mustard poultices and friction have been resorted to. About an hour after his attack he said (I have it from one who heard him), to Dr. Peyton—"This is the last of earth, but I am composed." He then became less collected, and fell into a slumber. Mrs. Adams was summoned to the Capitol, and was at first overcome by the sad scene, but is now apparently resigned to the will of Providence, and surrounded by relatives and friends.

INTERESTING DUTCH COLONY. The Holland immigrants recently settled in Iowa, have named their new settlement "Pella," from Pella beyond Jordan, from which the early Christians fled upon the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans. It is two or three months old, and numbers 800 inhabitants. Large numbers are to join them in the Spring, when Pella will suddenly become a populous prairie town. It is a singular sight, says a correspondent of the Christian Intelligence—the velvet jackets and wooden shoes of these Puritans of the 19th century, in the midst of the Prairies of

the New Purchase, that stretch from the Des Moines to the Cherokee, in C. Am. They are living in camps covered with tent-cloth, or grass and bushes, the sides barbed with all sorts of odd-looking boxes and chests from the Netherlands.

#### LIME ROCK GAZETTE.

THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1848.

#### DEATH OF JOHN Q. ADAMS.

This nation has again to mourn the loss of a great and good man. One of the ablest advocates for human rights,—one of the firmest supporters of our Constitution,—one whose life has been exclusively devoted to his country—has passed to the realm of light. His days have been numbered—and the giant intellect slumbers in eternity. Now that his spirit has fled, party prejudices may be laid aside, and all may speak his praise.

Mr. Adams has been a long-tried and faithful Statesman—and his son sits unmolested by a single cloud. A heart-felt solicitude for the great interests of his Country, and a firm adherence to truth and justice, have been the leading characteristics of his life. In the infant Republic's darkest hours, he was ever found clinging to the pillar of hope,—a firm and unshaken adherent to the principles of the Constitution. The exemplary manner in which he has discharged the highest trusts and the duties of the most honored stations, has stamped his memory upon the heart of this great nation, too indelibly to be ever erased by time or circumstance.

Mr. Adams was a scholar, in every sense of the term. The high order of his intellect, and the fearlessness with which he coped with his enemies, have elicited the pride of his Country and the admiration of the World. He has passed away! The voice of calumny will now be hushed,—the wrangling of party will no longer be mingled with his name,—and friend and foe will unite to do his memory justice.

Mr. ADAMS was a constant and devoted Christian. It has been said that he has read seven different versions of the Bible, in the German, French, Greek, and Latin languages, besides various English translations. "Peace to his ashes now of Peace."

We cannot better close this article than by giving an extract from the Salem Observer:

"Mr. Adams was descended from the noblest stock—the Nobles of Nature. His mother was one of the first women of her age, and his father the father of our liberties and Constitution—in the English language of Jefferson, 'the Colossus of Congress, the pillar of support to the Declaration of Independence, and its ablest advocate and defender.' The son was a legitimate heir of this noble stock. Cradled in the Revolution, and nursed by liberty and patriotism, at nine years of age he heard the Declaration of Independence first read from the Old State House in Boston, and imbibed all its principles. At twelve, he accompanied his father to Europe, when he sailed on the mission to make peace with the mother country. After spending several years in Europe, attending some of their literary institutions, and acting in some subordinate diplomatic stations, at twenty years of age he had returned home, and taken his degree at the University at Cambridge. He studied the profession of Law with Chief Justice Parsons at Newburyport, and commenced the practice in Boston. Here he wrote several papers in the Boston Centinel, under the signature of 'Patriot,' vindicating the course of Washington and the proclamation of Neutrality. He was soon after sent to the Hague and Berlin on diplomatic missions. These he executed with such facility as to elicit Washington's testimony that he was the most useful public minister of the nation."

On Mr. Adams' accession to the Presidency, all his predecessors, except Washington, survived, and at the time of his decease, all his predecessors and his immediate successor have passed away.

As a controversial writer, no man of the age could cope with him; and all who dared to measure a lance with him, were not only unshored, but slain. His habits were pure, simple, and unostentatious even to awkwardness."

REPUBLICAN PRINCIPLES are on the increase in Canada. And the questions of annexation to these United States, are freely discussed in the different papers. Several of our leading Journals are favoring the expediency of their annexation. The N. York Journal of Commerce says: "It is quite obvious, from the present aspect of things, that Canada was designed to go to the U. States. This wonderful Union of ours was intended as the outlet of its foreign trade, for it runs down into a mild latitude, while the St. Lawrence runs away into the frozen North, and seems to have been placed where it would be most out of the way, in a territory good for little else. That men have arranged the matter in a way which contravenes nature, is constantly producing difficulty, as the same pervasiveness does in a hundred other cases."

The New York Herald speaks as follows: "We believe that the opening of the next session of the Canadian Parliament, will be the opening of a vein of feeling that will gradually lead to a separation with Great Britain—a separation voluntary, if England has the wisdom to yield—forcibly, if not freely permitted—and sure to be in any case, sooner or later. The movement is ripe—the times are ripe—the world is ripe—all is ripe for such a stirring event."

MURDER AND SUICIDE. By the arrival of the schooner Mary C. Ames, at Holme's Hole from Mayaguez, we learn that two of the crew of the schooner Atlantic, of Bangor, from Ponce, P. R. for Wilmington, N. C., entered the cabin, when 12 hours out from Ponce, and struck the Captain on the head with an axe. The mate and the rest of the crew overpowered the murderers, and they jumped overboard and were drowned. The Atlantic returned to Ponce. The Captain was in a dangerous situation.

It must be gratifying to all our readers to learn that an armistice has been concluded in Mexico, and a treaty of peace, or the ratification of a treaty, has been received at Washington, and submitted to the Senate! The devastating march of war is arrested! The sword has returned to its scabbard, where we trust it may be allowed to remain forever. The Mexicans entreat for peace—the American people cherish peace—and the Government will grant it, when every Christian and philanthropist will rejoice.

THE TREATY.—The correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce says, that the British and French legations at Washington, both have copies of the Trist treaty. He adds that it is here known that it corresponds almost exactly with the project which was offered to the Mexican government in August last, with the exception that the demand of Lower California is abandoned, and \$15,000,000 is the sum to be paid by the United States.

The Union of Wednesday night says, that soon after the meeting of the Senate on that day, the President's Private Secretary appeared with the message communicating the treaty, which had failed to be delivered on the preceding day on account of the early adjournment of the Senate. The Senate went into executive session, and it was "currently said" that the message and accompanying propositions from Mexico and other documents were opened and ordered to be printed.

The New York papers of last evening give some further particulars of the Treaty. The Herald, in a synopsis of its articles, names Senos Lucas, Conto, and Atristau, as Commissioners on the part of the Mexican Government, "to adjust with the Commissioner of the United States, Mr. Trist, a lasting treaty of peace." The limits agreed on are the middle of the Rio Grande,—the Southern and Western boundaries of New Mexico to the first branch of the River Gila,—the middle of that river to the Colorado, and the division line between Upper and Lower California to the Pacific, which strikes one league South of San Diego. All grants of land hitherto by the Government of Mexico to be respected, by the United States, as also all like grants in Texas prior to the year 1836.

The government of the United States to pay Mexico \$15,000,000, "including the \$8,000,000 already appropriated by Congress, for the furtherance of peace, and now subject to the order of Mr. Trist," which last sum is to be paid immediately on the ratification of the treaty by the Mexican government. The remaining \$7,000,000 to be paid either by instalments or in 6 per cent. stock. The claims of American citizens against the Mexican government, to be assumed by the United States. The troops are to leave Mexico in three months after the ratification of the treaty, unless the sickly season should prevent their embarkation. The ratification to be exchanged in four months.—[Boston Advertiser.]

THE SHIP FEVER. The present condition of our city is well calculated to excite apprehensions in minds little given to panics. A few facts will show that the public authorities cannot be too prompt in adopting means to prevent the spread of a disease which may probably become more troublesome than our summer epidemics in their severest visitations. The Charity Hospital in Common street, had, even before last, one thousand and thirty-seven patients, about one half of whom were down of ship fever—mostly cases recently imported. On Monday last, one hundred and one new cases were brought to the hospital, and on Tuesday, over ninety cases were added. These were taken from ships lately arrived from Ireland. The hospital was originally designed to accommodate about three hundred and seventy-five invalids. Nearly double that number can be provided for by crowding the wards a little; but at present three times that number are within the walls of the hospital. They are crowded together in such numbers that the beds touch each other. There is no room to pass between the invalids. Many have to lie upon the floors, presenting a picture of distress and desolation indeed pitiable.

Two of the sisters of charity have already fallen sacrifices to their labors in the cause of humanity. One of the professors of the medical school has been at death's door, stricken by this malady whilst ministering in the surgical wards of the hospital. Several of the medical students are also down with it.

We are informed by the officers of the hospital that it will not be possible to take in many more cases; that the institution, already overcrowded, has no room or corner in which to stow them,—leaving out of consideration the impossibility of taking proper care of them.

The Board of Directors of the hospital have advised from Europe to the effect that within the current year some forty thousand emigrants will sail for this place, if shipping can be had. Of these, it is judged, from the experience of the past year, that ten thousand will find their way to their hospital immediately upon landing. Some permanent arrangements should be made for this influx of disease; meanwhile the present condition of the city requires immediate provision. The next arrival from Europe may overflow the hospital and infect the city.—[N. O. Picayune.]

LATER FROM THE BRAZILS. The U. States steamers Fashion and Fanny arrived at New Orleans on the evening of the 11th inst., with dates from the Brazils to the 8th inst. The news by this arrival is unimportant. We copy from the Picayune the following items:

"The American flag of the 6th inst. says the collection of internal taxes at this place goes on swimmingly. We understand that nearly ten thousand dollars have been received by Capt. Chapman within the last month, without including the tax formerly collected by the Central Government of Mexico. Assessments rolls are being made out for the latter, which, when added to the State, city, and other taxes collected here, will swell the receipts to a handsome sum."

It is reported by Mexicans, recently arrived from the interior, that Vidal Fernandez, Governor of this State, Gen. Canales, and Col. Carrasco, have concerted a scheme, having for its object the independence of the northern States of Mexico, and that they are now endeavoring to obtain converts to their views.—Canales, we believe, has been outlawed by his Government, and the Colonel is in rather bad odor with all parties. The Governor has pronounced against the authority of General Ureca, and we hardly know how he is looked upon by the Mexican Government."

HENRY CLAY AT PHILADELPHIA. The friends of Henry Clay turned out in immense numbers, to welcome him to Philadelphia.

#### The Attack on Guaymas.

GUAYMAS Nov. 21. 1847. Lt. Smith and Passed Midshipman Duncan, with their companies, consisting of 25 men each, and 17 men under Lieut. Tansil, landed at half past one o'clock, on the 17th inst., at Guaymas, with Captain Selridge at their head, for the purpose of examining the town and fort.

After halting a short time at the fort, and taking a view of the deserted appearance and dilapidated state of the town, not supposing a living creature was to be found within its precincts, the captain ordered us to march into the Plaza, for the purpose of examining the situation and topography of the place.—We had not proceeded far, however, before we received a volley of musketry from a window not ten paces distant, two balls of which passed through the clothes of two men in Lt. Smith's company, and a third through Capt. Selridge's right leg, inflicting a severe wound. Not seeing any person to whom he could return this unexpected compliment, and being totally ignorant of the plan of the town, we returned to the fort to devise a plan of operations. By this time the captain was unable to stand, and was taken on board the ship for surgical attendance—leaving Lieut. Smith in command, with orders to engage the enemy.

A six pounder was then brought in the launch from the ship, and fixed in the fort, in a position that overlooked and commanded a part of the town. Lieut. Tansil was ordered to occupy the fort of a street, two squares to the left of the Plaza, for the purpose of ascertaining, if possible, the situation and number of the enemy's forces, while Passed Midshipman Duncan, and Midshipman Adams were ordered to occupy a street immediately on his right, with similar instructions. These arrangements having been made—Lt. Smith was about proceeding accompanied by Midshipman Hanson, acting as first lieutenant of his company, to force the doors of the house from which the first fire was received. But before this could be executed the enemy commenced a brisk fire upon Passed Midshipman Duncan's company which he immediately returned with great effect. At this moment a body of the enemy was discovered by Lieut. Tansil in the principal street, directly in front of a house where he found about 300 of the enemy posted, sheltered by the houses from the fire of Lieut. Smith's company at the fort, as well as Mr. Duncan's company on his right.

On gaining this position the marchers commenced a severe fire upon them, which so completely surprised them, and did such execution in their ranks, that they soon began a precipitate retreat, followed by great numbers from the adjoining houses, during which time Lieut. Smith and Mr. Duncan's companies opened and continued a sharp fire on them, until they reached the adjacent street hills to the right and rear of the town. The ships guns were now brought to bear on them, and Lieut. Ward, who was left in command of the ship, commenced throwing Panama shells, which was very destructive to them. About this period of the action, the Mexicans, still remaining, finding themselves so badly pressed and surrounded at all points, sounded a retreat, when to our great surprise we saw more than twice our number fly forth from the houses around the Plaza, and in our immediate vicinity, and retreat in disorder, in the direction of those who had preceded them in an earlier period of the battle.

During their hasty retreat, our men continued an incessant and galling fire as long as they were in reach of their balls. The loss of the enemy in this combat could not, it is believed, have been less than fifty killed and wounded. The fact that seventy sailors and marines, thus exposed, met and conquered more than five times their number, (400) chosen by themselves, clearly demonstrates that the navy only lacks the opportunity to achieve laurels, as well as the army. If, as we hope, the commodore can spare and send us, as we have petitioned for, another small vessel, I hope the next letter I write you will be to inform you that we have captured Gen. Campanazo, who had encompassed about three miles from here, with 2000 men and nine pieces of artillery.

LOSS OF LIFE AT SEA. The Philadelphia papers announce the arrival at that port of the schooner Mary Stuart, (of Lubec) Capt. Tucker, from Turks Island, and state that eight of her crew died on the passage. We think there must be some mistake in the statement of the number of deaths, as a vessel of the class of the Mary Stuart would hardly carry more than seven or eight men, all told. The name of only one person is mentioned—Mr. Andrew Balch, first officer, who fell overboard and was drowned.—[Boston Journal.]

HEARST, the spouse of Mrs. Spigg's boarding house, Washington, was was sold as a slave dealer by his mistress, after he had bought himself of her and paid her the price within a few days, has finally been set at liberty, through the exertions of several Members of Congress. "Eae female miserere," who sold him to himself and then to a Jesu-father was made to disgorge a good part of the later plunder. [N. Y. Tribune.]

CENTRAL AMERICA. The Balize Observer of January 8, says:

"We have letters and papers from the interior down to the 19th ult., and learn that in consequence of the recent demonstration made at Tixtallo, by H. M. ship Alamo, and also at San Juan, 600 troops from Comayagua and Leon are en route for San Juan. We learn, however, from Mosquitia, that a dispatch had been received from Lord Palmerston, saying that the question of boundary had been definitely arranged. Should this prove correct, we presume the whole affair will be amicably adjusted."

The New York True Sun, heretofore a national Democratic journal, is in future to be conducted by George J. Gallagher, and to be the city organ of the party known in New York, and elsewhere, as the "True Sun."



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